



**image**

**43**  
**FEB**

DIGITAL  
EDITION

# SPAWN



Capullo  
90

McFARLANE

BRID



**image**® COMICS PRESENTS:

# "EVIL"



story

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inks

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copy editor & letters

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color

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a special thanks to

**Danny Miki**

**Spawn #42 Summary:**

After escaping from the Curse's castle, Spawn hides out in West Virginia, where he meets social outcast, Pat Shaunessy. Pat, comic collector and super-hero wanna-be, points out the "M" on Spawn's chest. Spawn realizes it is similar to the one on Clown's face. Pat ventures out and is jumped by a pack of bullies. Spawn's costume takes control, and violently attacks the boys. Pat stops him, saving the boys and making him the school hero. Meanwhile, Sam and Twitch break into Banks' office as they get closer to linking him to the murder of Senator Jennings' daughter. Cy-gor attempts to make his way to New York.

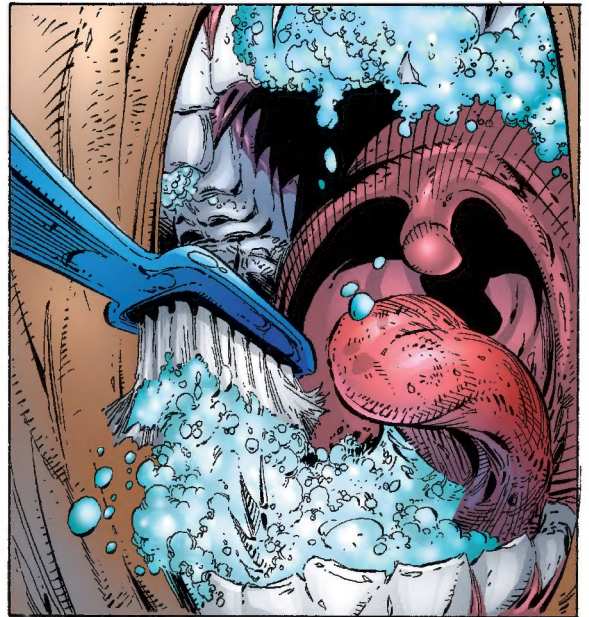
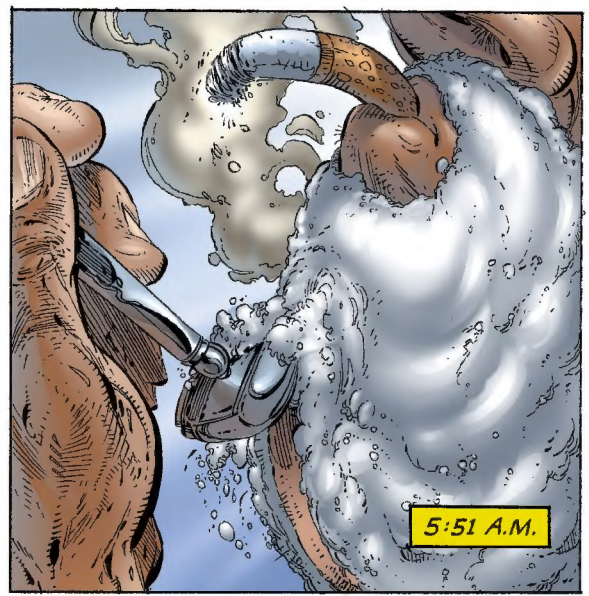
**FOR IMAGE COMICS**  
**LARRY MARDER - exec. director**

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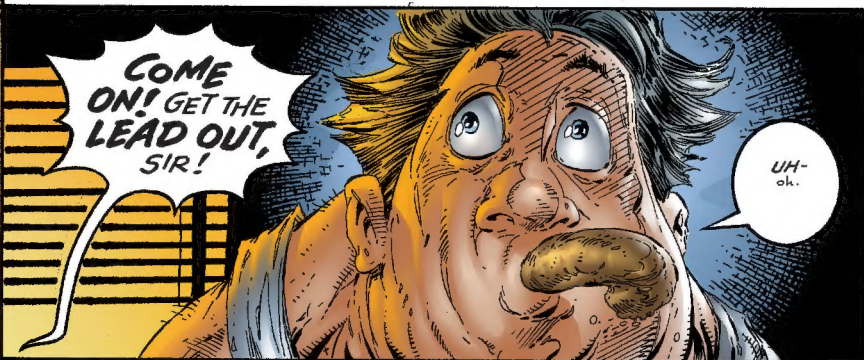






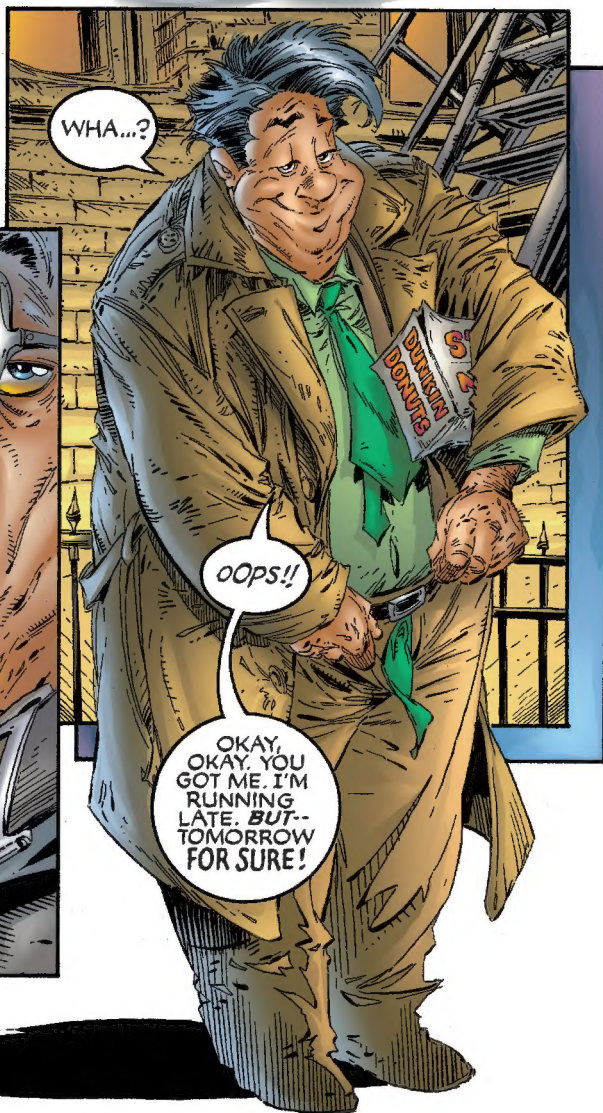
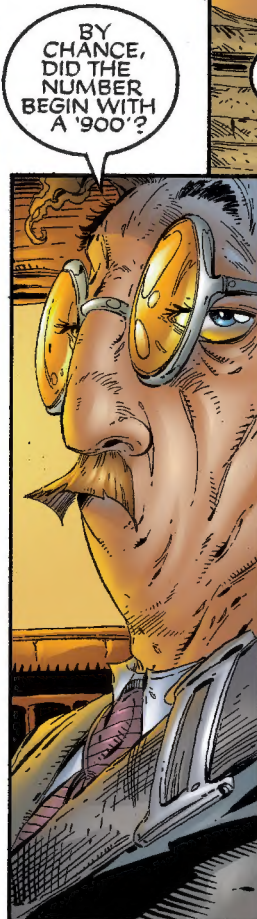


I DON'T BELIEVE IT.



JEEZ!  
I PROMISED HIM I WOULDN'T BE *GRUNT* LATE AGAIN.

GOTTA THINK QUICK.  
*GRUNT*





MOMENTS  
LATER...

SO, DID  
YOU HAVE  
ANY LUCK  
LAST  
NIGHT?

SOME.  
I CHECKED  
THE ROUTES OF  
ALL THE COURIERS  
WHO HAD RECEIPTS  
IN THE *NEW* FILE.  
IT'S FAIRLY OBVIOUS  
THE CHIEF WAS  
RECEIVING KICK-  
BACKS AND BRIBES  
EARLY IN HIS  
CAREER.

IT WAS ALL BEING  
LAUNDERED  
THROUGH AN  
ACCOUNT AT  
CHASE MANHATTAN  
BANK. THE CASH  
CAME FROM  
CERTAIN POLITICAL  
OPERATIVES INTENT  
ON HAVING UNOB-  
STRUCTURED PATHS  
BEFORE THEM.

AND THE BEST  
WAY TO DO THAT  
IS TO HAVE  
MAYORS AND  
COMMISSION-  
ERS ASSIGN  
CERTAIN  
'FRIENDS' TO  
KEY  
POSITIONS.

SUCH AS  
CHIEF OF  
POLICE.

EXACTLY.

THE PROBLEM  
IS, MOST OF THAT  
INFORMATION WAS  
GIVEN TO INTERNAL  
AFFAIRS.

AND THEY  
SWEEPED IT  
UNDER THE  
CARPET.\*

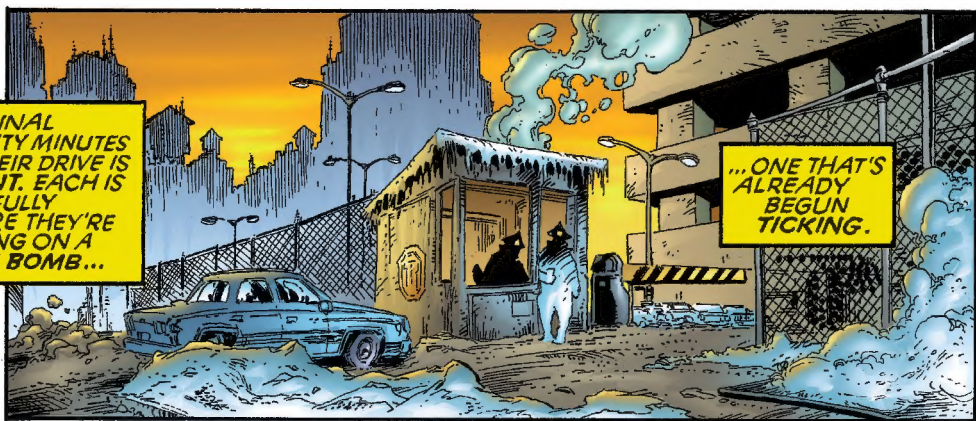
MEANING  
THAT CITY HALL  
AND THE C.I.A. ARE  
INVOLVED IN THE  
COVER-UP AROUND  
THE SENATOR'S  
CHILD'S MURDER.

WHICH  
LEAVES  
US  
WHERE,  
SIR?

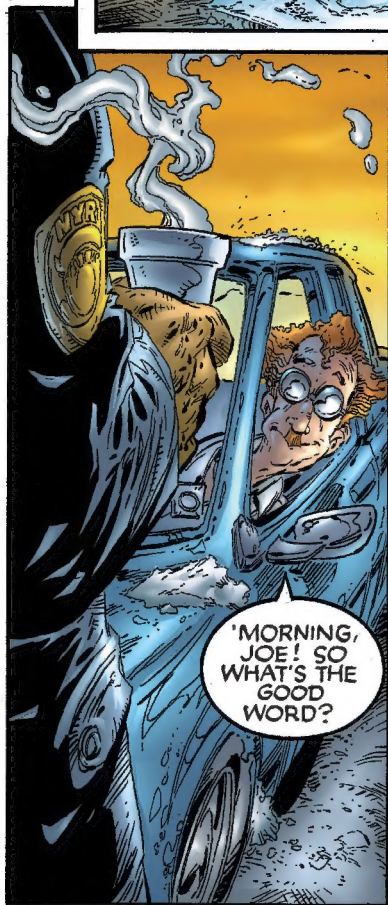
COMPLETELY  
VULNERABLE.



THE FINAL  
TWENTY MINUTES  
OF THEIR DRIVE  
IS SILENT. EACH IS  
PAINFULLY  
AWARE THEY'RE  
SITTING ON A  
TIME BOMB...



...ONE THAT'S  
ALREADY  
BEGUN  
TICKING.



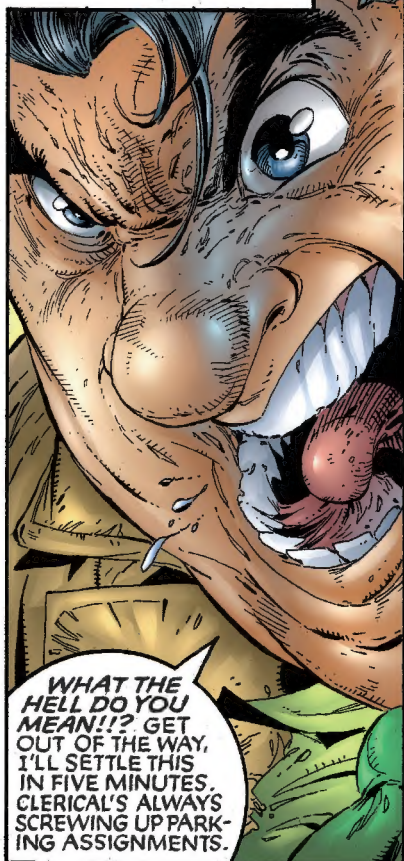
'MORNING,  
JOE! SO  
WHAT'S THE  
GOOD  
WORD?



Um... I CAN'T LET YOU  
PARK IN THE COMPOUND.

WHY?

GOT SOME  
PAPERWORK  
REVOKING YOUR  
PARKING SPACE.  
I DOUBLE-  
CHECKED. IT'S  
ALL OFFICIAL.  
SORRY.



WHAT THE  
HELL DO YOU  
MEAN!!? GET  
OUT OF THE WAY,  
I'LL SETTLE THIS  
IN FIVE MINUTES.  
CLERICAL'S ALWAYS  
SCREWING UP PARK-  
ING ASSIGNMENTS.



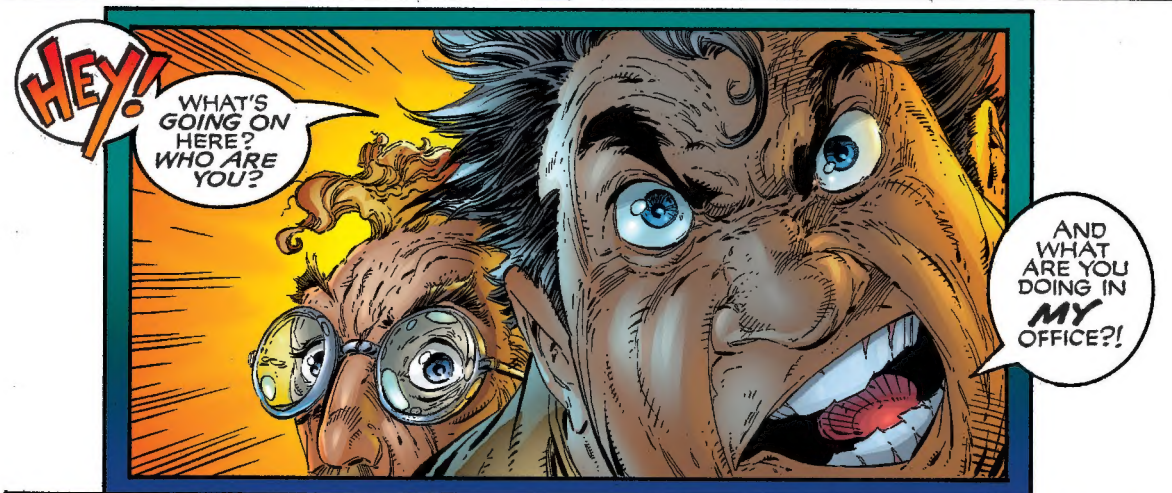
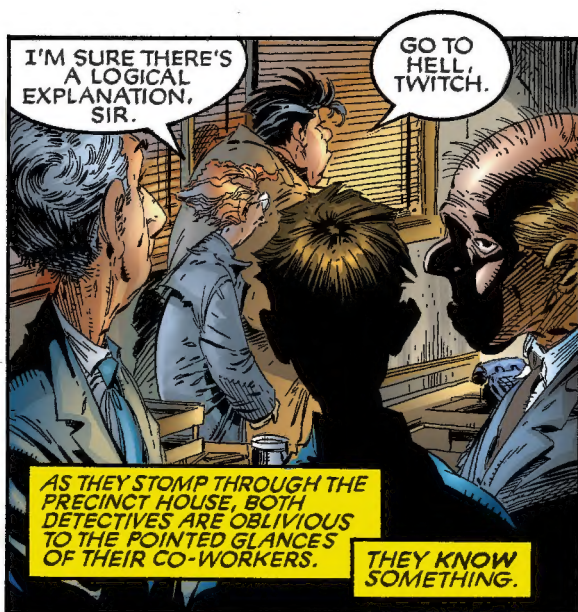
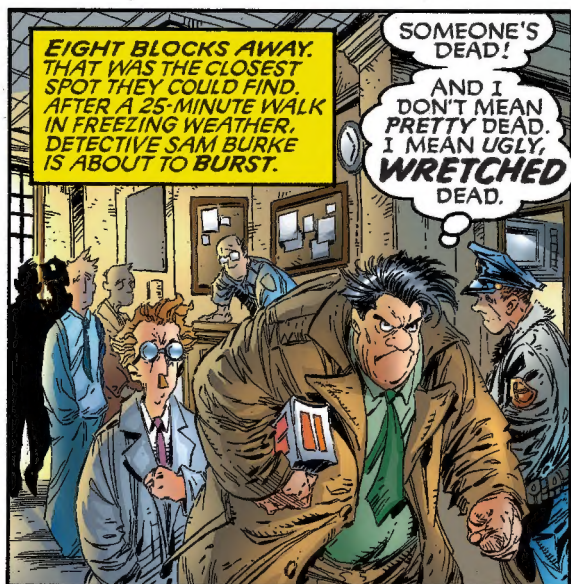
YOU HEARD  
JOE. YOU'RE  
NOT WELCOME  
ANYMORE. NOW  
BACK THIS PIECE  
OF CRAP  
OUTTA HERE.

WHERE  
CAN THEY  
PARK?

WHO  
CARES?  
AS LONG AS  
IT AIN'T  
HERE.

CAPICE,  
BOYS?









YOU SEE, I'VE DECIDED TODAY'S YOUR LAST DAY, GENTLEMEN.

REMEMBER HOW YOU BROUGHT INTERNAL AFFAIRS TO MY DOORSTEP? WELL, I *DO* BELIEVE ENOUGH TIME HAS PASSED SO THAT YOUR *FIRING* WON'T SEEM TO BE AN ACT OF REVENGE.

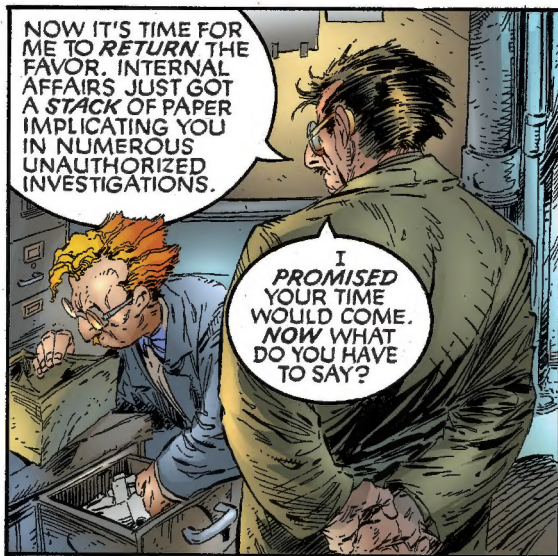
...WHICH IT IS.

I TOLD YOU I CAN BE A VERY PATIENT MAN...



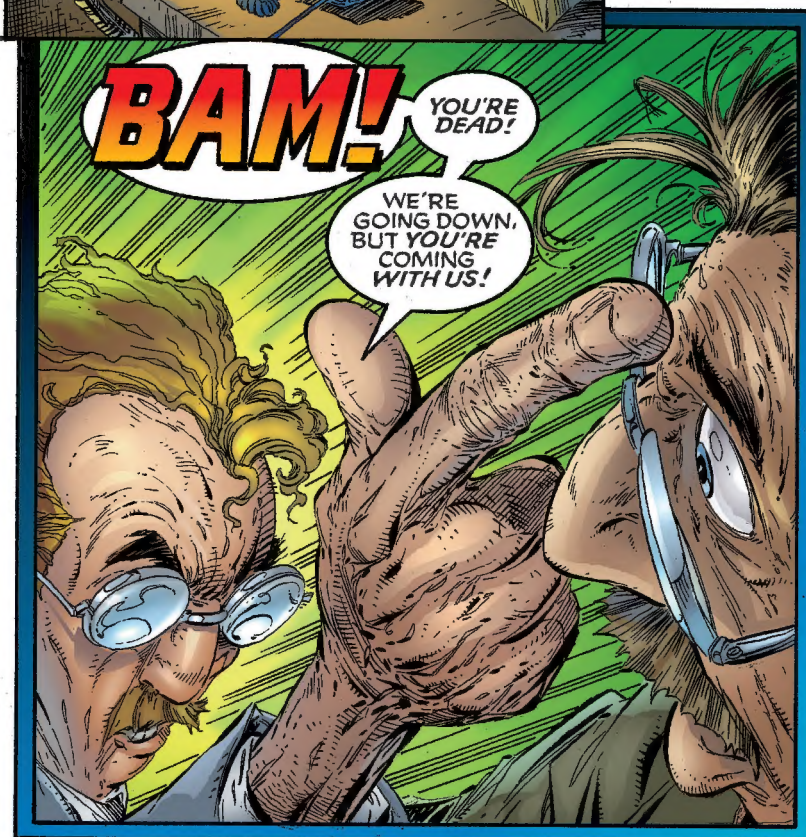
...AND NOW *THIS!* YOUR HAM-FISTED TAMPERING WITH MY PHONE RECORDS! *tsk tsk* - VERY SLOPPY WORK, SAMMY... EVEN FOR YOU!

BITE ME.



NOW IT'S TIME FOR ME TO *RETURN* THE FAVOR. INTERNAL AFFAIRS JUST GOT A *STACK* OF PAPER IMPLICATING YOU IN NUMEROUS UNAUTHORIZED INVESTIGATIONS.

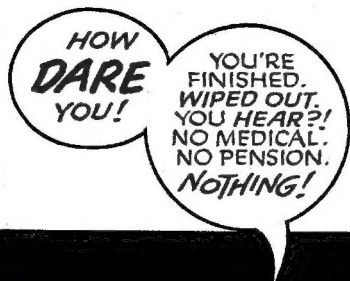
I PROMISED YOUR TIME WOULD COME. *NOW* WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY?



**BAM!**

YOU'RE DEAD!

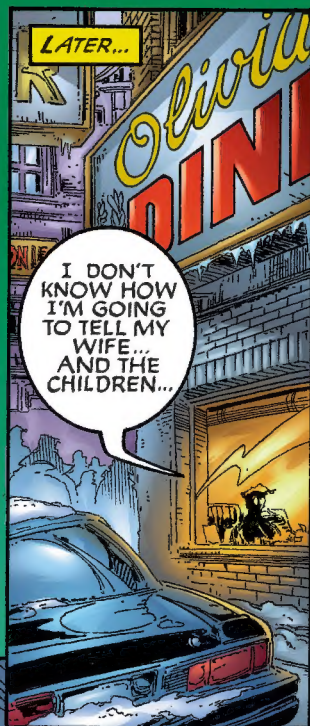
WE'RE GOING DOWN, BUT YOU'RE COMING WITH US!



HOW DARE YOU!

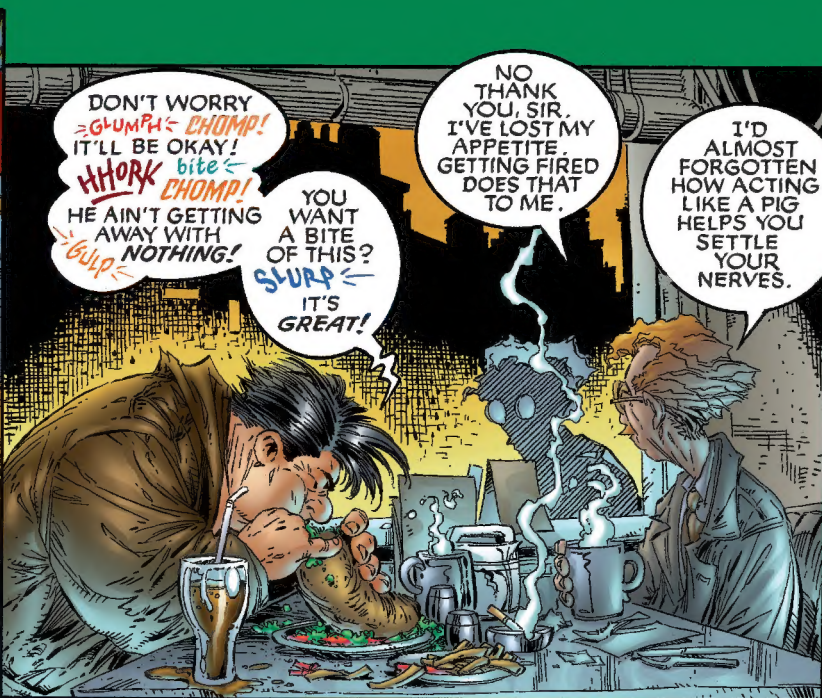
YOU'RE FINISHED. WIPED OUT. YOU HEAR?! NO MEDICAL. NO PENSION. *NOTHING!*





LATER...

I DON'T KNOW HOW I'M GOING TO TELL MY WIFE... AND THE CHILDREN...



DON'T WORRY  
=GLUMPH= CHOMP!  
IT'LL BE OKAY!

HHORK CHOMP!  
HE AIN'T GETTING AWAY WITH NOTHING!

YOU WANT A BITE OF THIS?  
SLURP  
IT'S GREAT!

NO THANK YOU, SIR. I'VE LOST MY APPETITE. GETTING FIRED DOES THAT TO ME.

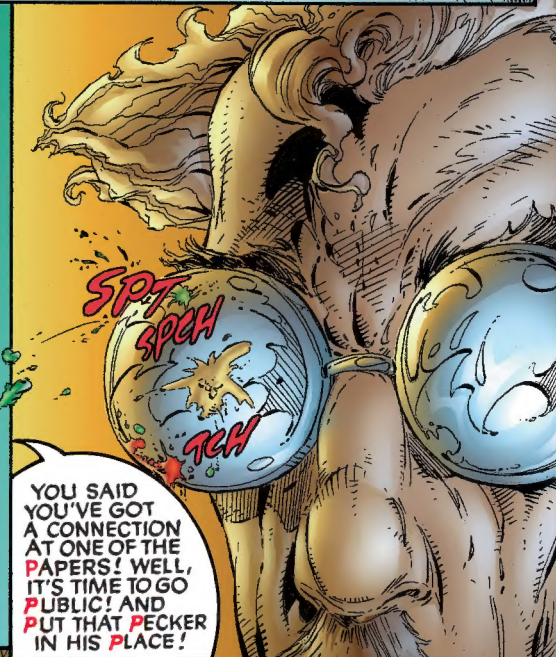
I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN HOW ACTING LIKE A PIG HELPS YOU SETTLE YOUR NERVES.



LISTEN! DIDN'T YOU NOTICE HOW I DIDN'T GET MAD AT BANKS?!

YOU KNOW WHY? 'CAUSE WE'VE GOT THE FILE, PLUS THE NEW ONES. THAT **FAT PHONY FART** IS A DEAD MAN.

HE JUST DON'T KNOW IT YET.



YOU SAID YOU'VE GOT A CONNECTION AT ONE OF THE PAPERS! WELL, IT'S TIME TO GO PUBLIC! AND PUT THAT PECKER IN HIS PLACE!



GET MY DRIFT?  
=GRUMPT= SLUPP

I SUPPOSE WE DON'T HAVE MUCH OF A CHOICE... THOUGH BRINGING DOWN SO MANY PUBLIC OFFICIALS MIGHT BE A TOUGH SELL. ESPECIALLY COMING FROM TWO SEEMINGLY DISGRUNTLED WORKERS.

BUT I'LL TRY.



HOURS  
PASS.

AS TWILIGHT  
GIVES WAY  
TO THE  
INEVITABLE  
DARKNESS...  
THEY APPEAR.

THE  
NOCTURNAL  
CREATURES.

SOME  
CRAWL.

OTHERS  
STALK OR  
SLITHER.  
BUT ALL  
HEED THE  
SUMMONS.

THIS CALL  
HAS BEEN  
GOING OUT  
FOR THE PAST  
TWO EVENINGS.

THE INSECTS  
ARE THE FIRST  
TO ARRIVE...

... BRINGING NOURISH-  
MENT... STRENGTH...  
TO THIS BEING  
CONCEIVED IN HELL.

AS ONE, THEY  
GIVE THEIR  
GIFT OF LIFE,  
OF ENERGY.

EACH, SLOWLY  
DRAINED OF ITS  
SWEET NECTAR...  
EVIL...

...THE ONE  
ATTRIBUTE  
THEY SHARE.



FOR IT IS WRITTEN, "GOD SHED HIS LIGHT ON EARTH IN THE NAME OF GOODNESS. AND THOSE WHO DARE SHUN IT SHALL FOREVER REMAIN STAINED IN EVIL."

THOSE WHICH LIVE BELOW THE SOIL, THOSE WHICH LIVE IN THE COMPLETE ABSENCE OF LIGHT ARE PASSIVE CONDUITS FOR THE EVIL THAT ROAMS FREE-- THE WILDING THAT IS STRONGER AT NIGHT.

WORMS. MAGGOTS. BUGS. IN LARGE NUMBERS, THEIR AURA IS CONSIDERABLE..



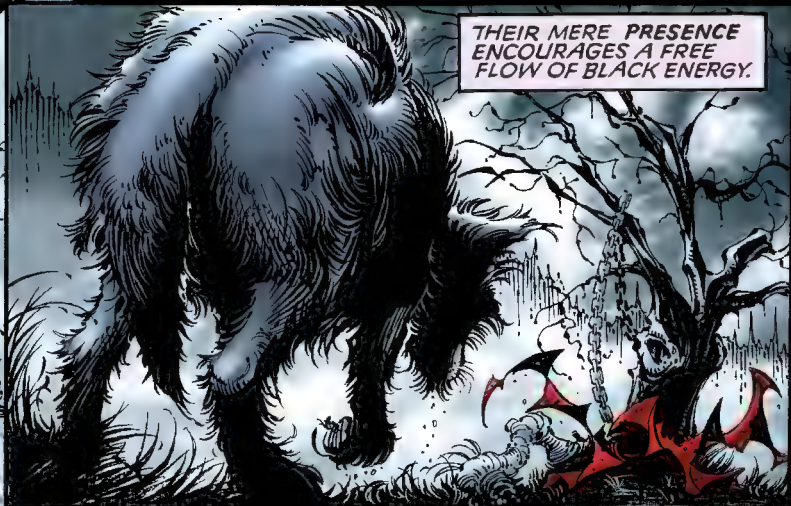
ENOUGH TO FORTIFY A LARGER EVIL HOST--



THEY'RE DRAWN TO THE LIVING COSTUME BY INSTINCT.



THEIR MERE PRESENCE ENCOURAGES A FREE FLOW OF BLACK ENERGY.




-- SUCH AS VAMPIRES-- OR HELLSPAWN.

WHEN THE FORTIFICATION IS STABLE LARGER BEASTS ARE NEEDED.








MADNESS.  
SIN. HATRED.  
IT'S BEEN  
GIVEN A  
MULTITUDE  
OF NAMES.

HOWEVER: **EVIL.**  
THAT'S WHAT IT IS,  
PURE AND SIMPLE.  
ITS BOND,  
UNBREAKABLE.

AS THE WOLF  
SKULKS CLOSER,  
IT PREYS AT  
THE SPAWN'S  
MIND. A  
RANDOM  
MEMORY IS  
TRIGGERED.


**WANDA.**

GOD, I REMEMBER. IT  
WAS HER BIRTHDAY.  
SHE WAS SO EXCITED  
TO BE GOING OUT THAT  
NIGHT. SPENT ALL  
DAY GETTING  
HERSELF READY.



SHE WAS SO  
BEAUTIFUL.

WHEN I CAME HOME LATE,  
SHE COULD SEE I HADN'T  
REMEMBERED. WHEN THE  
PHONE RANG, CALLING ME  
BACK TO WORK, I COULD  
ALMOST SEE STEAM  
SHOOT FROM HER EARS.



SHE  
TRASHED A  
FULL-LENGTH  
MIRROR  
AFTER I  
LEFT.



COULDN'T IMAGINE WHAT SHE WAS THINKING. DIDN'T WANT TO TRY.

THEN-- SHE HEARD IT.

SOMETHING IN THE HOUSE. OFF THE BEDROOM. I STILL DON'T KNOW WHY SHE DIDN'T CALL THE POLICE. LUCKY FOR ME.

WHEN SHE FINALLY OPENED THE BATHROOM DOOR, SHE SAW IT. THE PUPPY. OUR SHANNA.

I'LL NEVER FORGET HOW WANDA CRIED WHEN SHE PICKED UP THE DOG--

--OR HOW UTTERLY SURPRISED SHE WAS AS I STEPPED OUT OF THE SHOWER, DAPPER AND READY FOR A NIGHT ON THE TOWN.

Happy Birthday

WANDA HAD OTHER

PLANS, THOUGH. SHE DIDN'T WANT TO LEAVE THE PUPPY SO SOON. INSTEAD, WE SHARED A SOOTHING BATH... WASHING AND CARESSING EACH OTHER.

THEN, WE MADE LOVE UNTIL WE FELL ASLEEP IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS.

SHANNA JOINED US.

MY FAST NEGLIGENCE ON SPECIAL OCCASIONS HAD WORKED TO MY ADVANTAGE. THE CALL FROM WORK WAS A SET-UP... AS WAS MY FEIGNED IGNORANCE. BUT BOTH BOUGHT ME ENOUGH TIME TO SNEAK IN THE BACK DOOR, AFTER HURRIDLY GETTING DRESSED AT THE NEIGHBOR'S. THEN, STRATEGICALLY, I PLANTED THE PUP AND HID MYSELF.

IT WAS PERFECT. SHE WAS PERFECT.

GOD, I MISS HER.



... IT'D BE NEAR IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO GET THIS INTO PRINT THAT QUICKLY. EVEN IF IT'S ALL TRUE, THE TIME IT'D TAKE TO CORROBORATE ALL THAT YOU'RE TELLING ME--!

I UNDERSTAND, MR. TAYLOR-- WHICH IS WHY I BROUGHT THIS.

A FILE?

YES. THE LEADING EDGE OF A PAPER TRAIL SO THICK A BLIND MAN COULD TRIP OVER IT... AS LONG AS HE'S POINTED IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

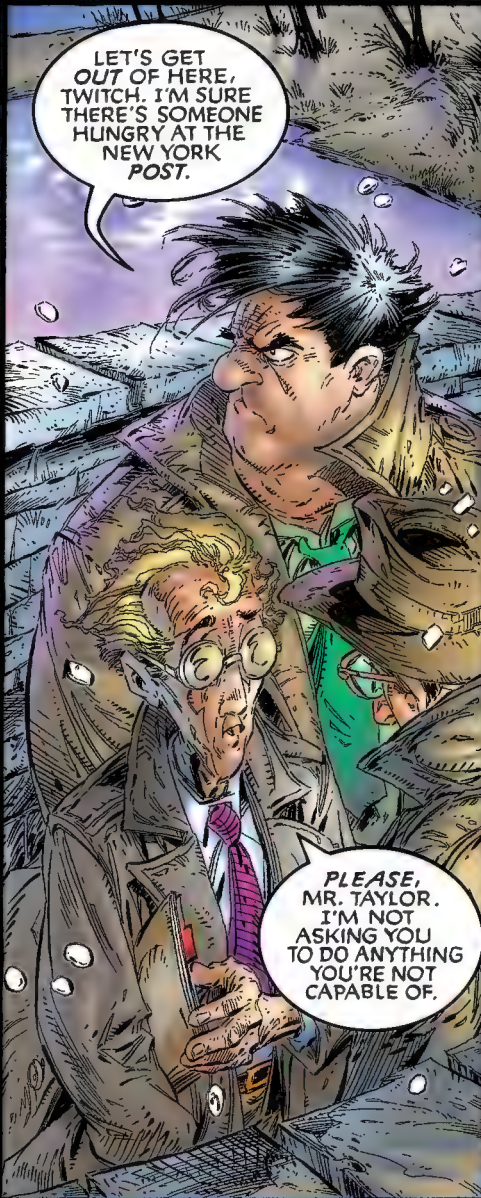
KINCAID, WIL  
REF: (Senator) JENNING  
(Police Chief) BA  
(C.I.A. Dir.) WY

INSIDE, YOU'LL FIND DOCUMENTED FACTS. IT'LL SAVE YOU WEEKS. THEY'RE ALL HERE: CHIEF BANKS, HIS BOYS, AND A FEW 'SPECIAL' FRIENDS.

LISTEN, TWITCH. YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN STRAIGHT WITH ME, BUT THIS IS TOO BIG. EVEN IF I CAN GET MY EDITOR TO COME ON BOARD WITH THIS, WHICH IS A BIG IF, GOING AFTER THE C.I.A. IS SUICIDE. I'VE SEEN IT.

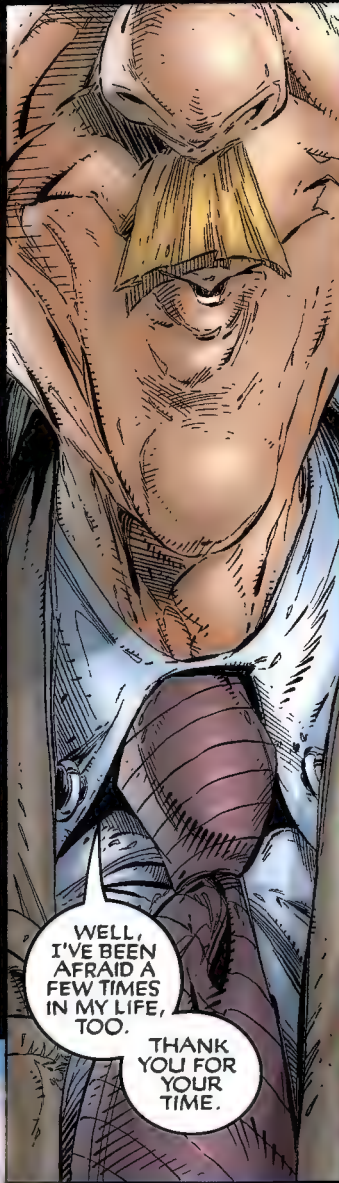
LOOK, TAYLOR. YOU WANT TO KEEP WRITING ABOUT MUGGINGS AND STORE OPENINGS, FINE. BUT THIS STORY IS TRUE!! AND IT'LL MAKE SOMEONE'S CAREER.





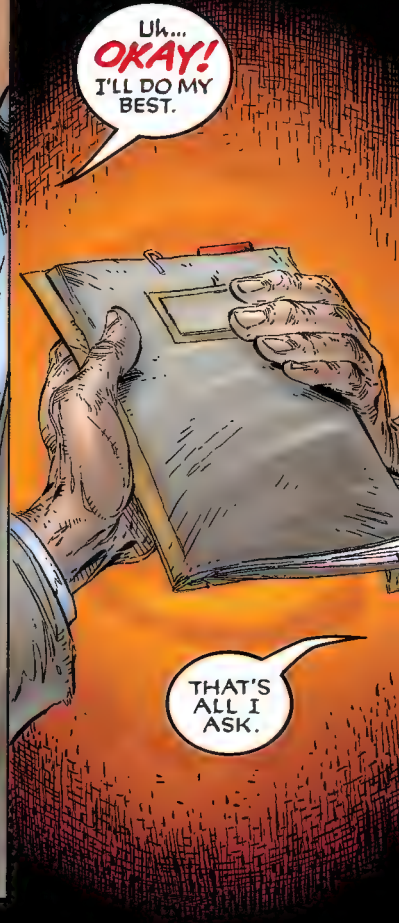
LET'S GET  
OUT OF HERE,  
TWITCH. I'M SURE  
THERE'S SOMEONE  
HUNGRY AT THE  
NEW YORK  
POST.

PLEASE,  
MR. TAYLOR.  
I'M NOT  
ASKING YOU  
TO DO ANYTHING  
YOU'RE NOT  
CAPABLE OF.



WELL,  
I'VE BEEN  
AFRAID A  
FEW TIMES  
IN MY LIFE,  
TOO.

THANK  
YOU FOR  
YOUR  
TIME.



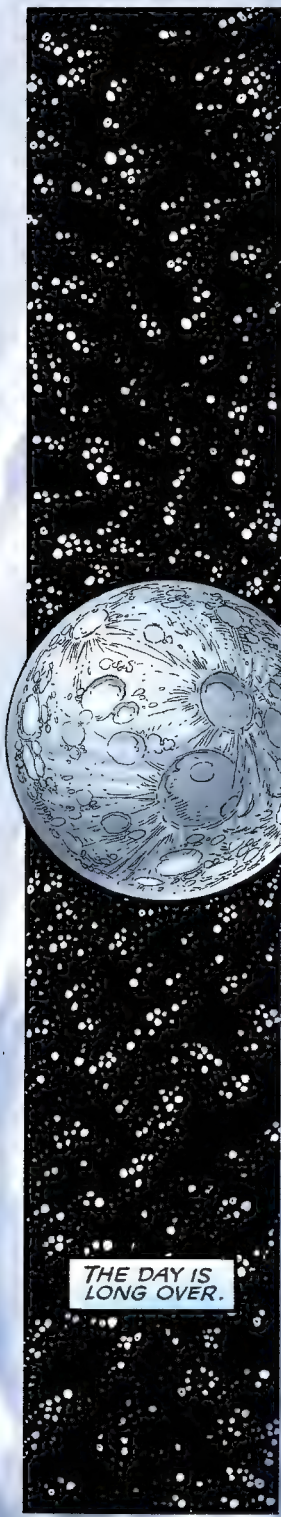
Uh...  
**OKAY!**  
I'LL DO MY  
BEST.

THAT'S  
ALL I  
ASK.



PRETTY  
SLICK,  
TWITCH. GUILT  
GETS 'EM  
EVERY  
TIME.





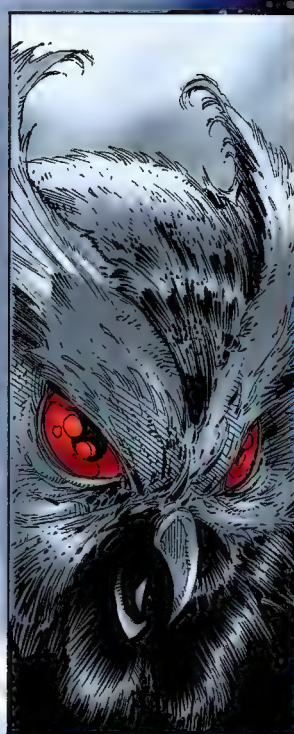
THE DAY IS  
LONG OVER.



EVIL IS  
ASCENDANT.



AND SO THEY COME.  
HELL'S CHILDREN,  
READY TO GIVE.



AWAITING ITS  
SIGNAL ...  
THEN, THEY  
HEAR IT:







THE HEART  
OF DARKNESS  
BEATING ANEW.



HE'S BEEN IN HIS EDITOR'S OFFICE FOR OVER AN HOUR, SHOOTING DOWN EVERY QUESTION THE PAPER'S ATTORNEYS COULD POSSIBLY ASK.

# DAILY TRIBUNE

THE TRUTH, OR AT LEAST ITS APPROXIMATION, MUST NOT BE COMPROMISED.

THIS IS GREAT WORK, TAYLOR! WITH OUR CIRCULATION IN THE TOILET, THIS COULD BE OUR MOTHER-LODE. NOW YOU'RE SURE YOU HAVEN'T MISSED ANYTHING?

NOT A THING.

GOOD. THEN LEAVE IT WITH ME. I'LL MAKE A FEW CALLS MYSELF, JUST TO MAKE SURE OF A COUPLE OF THINGS.

BUT, MR. SALICRUP, I ASSURE YOU THAT--

LOOK, TAYLOR. IF I'M GOING TO STICK MY NECK OUT A MILE, I'D LIKE TO REST EASY IT WON'T GET CHOPPED OFF. WE'RE MESSING WITH AN 'OLD BOY NETWORK' HERE.

A CALL IS MADE. THAT LEAK THEN TRICKLES PAST EIGHT PEOPLE IN FOUR UNCONNECTED GOVERNMENT OFFICES UNTIL FINALLY POOLING AT THE FOOT OF ITS ORCHESTRATOR...

...MR. WYNN, WHAT DO YOU WANT US TO DO?

SOMETHING QUITE SIMPLE. COLLAPSE ALL SUPPORT AROUND BANKS IMMEDIATELY. WHATEVER 'LOOP' EXISTS, MAKE IT DIS-APPEAR. NO ONE MUST ACKNOWLEDGE HIM.

USE THE CODEWORD "MELTDOWN." I WANT EVERY TRAIL TO DOUBLE BACK ON OUR DEAR CHIEF BANKS.

THEN, HAVE THE APPROPRIATE PEOPLE MODIFY THE TRIBUNE'S STORY.



TWO MORE  
DAYS PASS.

MY GUY SAID  
THE STORY HITS  
TOMORROW.  
GUARANTEED.

401

BANKS  
CHIEF  
OF POLICE

WHERE'D  
THEY  
GET IT  
FROM.

THE  
REPORTER'S  
KEEPING  
HIS SOURCE  
CONFIDENTIAL.  
WE'RE STILL  
WORKING  
ON IT.

BUT WHAT  
THIS MEANS  
IS THAT YOU'VE  
BEEN MADE THE  
SACRIFICIAL  
LAMB.

EVERYONE  
YOU WANTED  
ME TO CALL IS  
CONVENIENTLY  
OUT OF THEIR  
OFFICES.

YOUR  
NETWORK OF  
POLITICAL  
'FRIENDS'  
IS BEING  
SHIELDED.

THE  
BRIBES.  
THE MURDER.  
THE WHOLE  
SCHEME IS  
LANDING  
IN YOUR  
LAP.

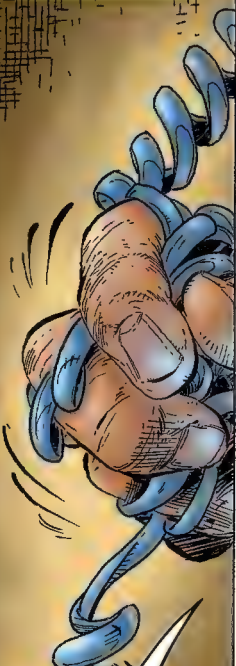


THEY  
CAN'T DO  
THIS TO ME.  
I'VE SERVED  
THEM TOO  
WELL.

NEVER  
MIND. I'LL  
MAKE THIS  
GO AWAY.

NO. HE WON'T.

THAT REALITY  
IS BEGINNING  
TO SINK IN.



I DON'T  
CARE  
IF HE'S ON  
VACATION!  
SOMEBODY  
HAS TO  
KNOW WHERE  
HE IS.

THE SAME SCENE PLAYS  
OUT REPEATEDLY  
THAT NIGHT.

THEN, THE NEXT  
MORNING...

# DAILY TRIBUNE

## KID KILLER LINKED TO POLICE CHIEF

SENATOR'S  
DAUGHTER'S  
DEATH UNDER  
NEW SCRUTINY







BABY KILLER.  
THIEF.

BABY KILLER.  
THIEF.

THE LABELS  
SWALLOW HIM,  
THOUGH NO ONE  
HAS REPEATED  
THEM TO HIS  
FACE. HE KNOWS  
HOW  
THEY  
THINK.

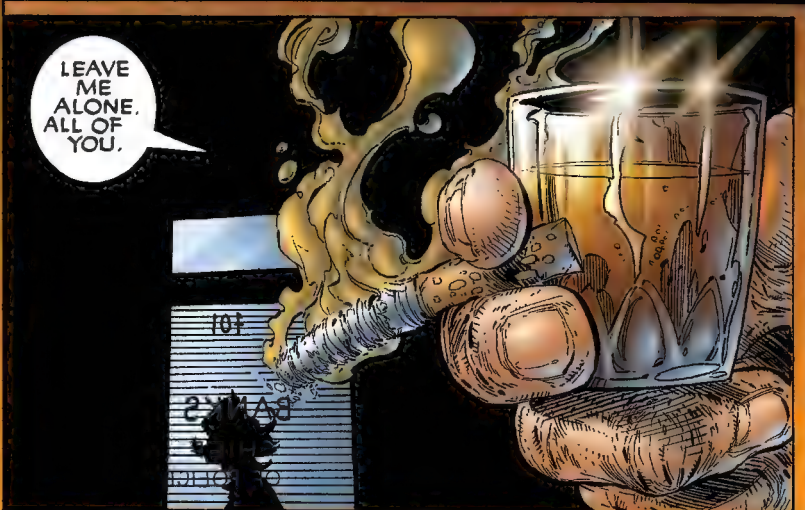
EVERYONE  
WITHIN THE  
PRECINCT IS  
THE SAME...  
HIDING BEHIND  
HUSHED VOICES  
OR CLOSED  
DOORS.

HE SHOULDN'T  
HAVE TRUSTED  
ANYONE.



CHIEF, IT'S  
YOUR WIFE AGAIN.  
SHE'S CRYING. PLEASE.  
SHE WANTS TO TALK  
TO YOU FOR JUST  
A MINUTE.

LEAVE  
ME  
ALONE.  
ALL OF  
YOU.



AL GILLEY.  
BOB COMONACO.  
HE COULD COUNT ON  
THEM. ALWAYS.  
THEY'D NEVER TURN  
THEIR BACKS ON HIM.

BUT OTHERS  
KNEW THAT, TOO.

SO CHIEF BANKS IS ALMOST  
NUMB WHEN AN ANONYMOUS  
PHONE CALLER INFORMS HIM  
THAT BOTH AL AND BOB WERE  
LOST AT SEA YESTERDAY IN A  
TRAGIC BOATING ACCIDENT.

THE CARIBBEAN COAST GUARD  
ARE STILL SEARCHING FOR ANY  
SIGNS OF LIFE.



BANKS  
KNOWS  
THEY'RE  
WASTING  
THEIR TIME.





... THE SITUATION DEFIES EASY ANALYSIS. WHAT'S CLEAR IS THAT **LOUIS BANKS**, POLICE CHIEF OF NEW YORK CITY'S 12TH PRECINCT, HAS BEEN TIED TO EVENTS WHICH LED SEVERAL YEARS AGO TO THE DEATH OF 8-YEAR-OLD AMANDA JENNINGS, DAUGHTER OF D.C. APPROPRIATIONS SENATOR PAUL JENNINGS. BANKS' NAME WAS CONNECTED WITH THE AFFAIR WHEN A SUSPECT, **WILLIAM KINCAID**, WAS FOUND DEAD IN BANKS' OFFICE, AN UNSOLVED CRIME FOR WHICH BANKS WAS NOT ACCUSED.

BANKS, WHOSE PRECINCT INCLUDES THE BOWERY, HELD A NUMBER OF JOBS BEFORE BEING APPOINTED POLICE CHIEF, FROM SHERIFF IN A SMALL COUNTY IN DELAWARE TO HEAD OF A PRIVATE SECURITY FIRM IN WASHINGTON, D.C. HIS CONNECTION WITH JENNINGS DATES FROM THAT TIME, WHEN HIS FIRM WAS DISMISSED FOR JOB PERFORMANCE IRREGULARITIES. SKETCHY DETAILS SUGGEST HE THEN HELD AN INTELLIGENCE POSITION IN THE NATION'S CAPITOL BEFORE THE UNEXPLAINED MOVE UP TO THE CHIEF'S JOB.



THIS FLAP OVER A CRIMINAL COVERUP IN THE BOWERY IS JUST THE MOST RECENT INDICATION THAT OFFICIAL CORRUPTION IN THIS CITY IS OUT OF CONTROL. A PERSON CAN'T HELP BUT BE NOSTALGIC FOR THE TIME WHEN SCANDALS WERE BREAKING OUT ON THE UPPER WEST SIDE OR GRAMMERCY PARK. **THOSE** REGIONS KNEW HOW IT WAS DONE, WITH SUBTLETY, STYLE, AND A WINK. IF THE FORCES OF JUSTICE WERE ACCOUNTABLE, **THESE** AFFAIRS WOULD BE GIVEN THE PUBLIC AIRING THEY DESEVE, RATHER THAN BEING HUSHED UP BY THE NEW MONEY IN TOWN. INSTEAD, WE'RE LEFT WITH MISERABLE CRIMES AGAINST CHILDREN FROM THE POOREST QUARTERS OF TOWN.

THE ONLY INTERESTING THING ABOUT THE WHOLE AFFAIR IS THE TRAGEDY OF CHIEF BANKS, A MAN WHO'S MOVED FROM JOB TO WELL-UNIFORMED JOB, ONLY TO END UP SCRAPING BOTTOM WEARING SUITS OFF THE RACK FROM WOOLWORTH'S.



US PO' FOLK ABOUT A POLICE CHIEF WHO **MIGHT** HAVE ABETTED A **CHILD MURDERER**? A **MASS** CHILD MURDERER?!? I LOVE THIS TOWN!

LET'S SEE HOW THE FACTS LINE UP. CHIEF BANKS, FORMERLY SHERIFF BANKS, FORMERLY RENT-A-COP BANKS, FORMERLY R.O.T.C SECOND-LIEUTENANT BANKS, COMES OUT OF **NOWHERE** AND IS APPOINTED FOR NO APPARENT REASON TO THE MOST OBSCURE PRECINCT IN MANHATTAN. NOW WE'RE TOLD THERE'S A DIRECT LINK BETWEEN HIM, THE **DEAD CHILD** OF A SENATOR, AND **KIDDIE KILLER KINCAID**. AND WAIT--HE ALSO HELD A JOB IN **INTELLIGENCE**? HEY, ARE WE SUPPOSED TO BELIEVE HE WAS DEMOTED FROM THE C.I.A. TO RIDING HERD ON **DRUNKS**, AND THEN TOOK HIS FRUSTRATIONS OUT ON THE SENATOR'S KID WHEN THE AGENCY HAD THEIR **BUDGET** SLASHED? OF COURSE, THIS SUGGESTS THE SPOOKS ARE CONTROLLING THE COPS... NAH. **THAT** WOULD BE **ILLEGAL**.



THE MAYOR.  
POLICE COMMISSIONER.  
GOVERNOR.

HE WON'T RETURN  
ANY OF THEIR  
CALLS.

ISOLATION.  
IT PLAYS WITH  
THE MIND.

LOOK  
AT THEM.  
BUNCH OF  
PARASITES.  
LOOKING FOR  
SOME FREAK  
SHOW.

AS DO  
OTHERS.

... AS FEDERAL  
INVESTIGATORS  
ENTERED THE  
BUILDING, ONE  
COMMENTED THAT  
NO OFFICIAL  
CHARGES HAD  
BEEN LAID. THEY  
PLAN ON QUESTIONING  
CHIEF LOUIS BANKS  
ABOUT...

YOU  
HAVE THE  
SUBPENA  
WITH YOU?

YES.

THEN LET'S  
GET THIS  
OVER WITH.

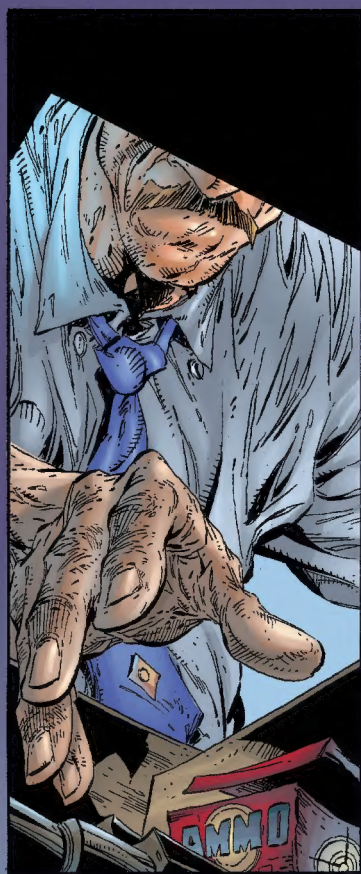
THE MEDIA. THEIR  
ETHICS AND SOCIAL  
RESPONSIBILITIES  
HAVE BEEN  
DEBATED ENDLESSLY.  
BUT, ULTIMATELY,  
THEY STILL HAVE A  
JOB TO DO.

I HOPE  
THEY  
FRY THE  
BUGGER.  
TWITCH.

SO DO I,  
SIR. BUT  
OUR FILE  
SHOULD HAVE  
EXPOSED  
SOME OTHERS,  
TOO. SOMETHING  
WENT  
WRONG.

HEY, FEDS!  
WHY DON'T  
YOU TRY  
CATCHING SOME  
CROOKS, INSTEAD  
OF HASSLING  
ONE OF US?!







# BLAM

*ANOTHER  
BLACK ROSE  
BLOOMS IN HELL  
TONIGHT.*







Tyrant  
Lizard  
King

EMPIRE